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Mount Holyoke college. Lake Lenox
school of scribblers.

A Little Book of College Verse

Selected from the Undergraduate Verse of

MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE

✻ Chiefly from the pages of ✻

The Mount Holyoke



Compiled, Edited and Published
by

The L N S S

a *Seiva*

Of the Class of Nineteen Two

Printed by
The Springfield Printing and Binding Co.
MCMII

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994275A

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To the Class of Nineteen Hundred

*O'er the bright meadows all
Shadows at last must fall ;
Twilight must gently steal
O'er vale and dell.
So o'er our laughter light
Softly there fall to-night
Shadows of what we feel
Saying farewell.*

*Swiftly the years have fled
By joyous labor sped ;
Now Nineteen Hundred's day
Soon will be o'er.
Still shall their spirit strong
Linger the years along ;
In Holyoke's life shall they
Live evermore.*

*Seniors, we yield to you
Honor and reverence true,
Love that our lives alone
Fitly can show.
Strong in that love we stand,
Pledged to a service grand ;
Where you the way have shown
Forward we 'll go.*

—June 6, 1900.

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A Little Book of College Verse

Alma Mater.



WHERE 's a song to speak the words
Within our hearts up-welling?
Or where 's the gift can half reveal
The depth of thought in-dwelling?
O Holyoke, where 's the outward
show,

The sounding praise, the golden glow,
For all the love that stirs us so
But falters in the telling?

For bonds that hold us heart to heart
What tribute can we tender?
For joys that live with every day
What royal bounty render?
For purer aims and clearer sight,
For hope to seek the fuller light,
For love that girds each soul with might
And makes it truth's defender?

Stir of the Morning.



TIR of the morning and lift of
breeze—

Joy of a day begun!

Out in the heart of the laughing tree

Out in the glow of the sun.

Laugh, O my heart, with the birds at play,

Laugh in the joy of the blossoming day,

Of days that ring and yet shall ring

With the jubilant joy of the spring—the spring

With the jubilant joy of the spring!

A Song.



HE sat alone by a gray stone wall,
All in her gown of red,
The lilies behind her, straight and tall,
Bent over to kiss
With light caress
The curls on her bonnie head.

She saw not Love as he passed below,
Her eyes to the west were turned,
She heard no sound of his footstep slow,
Her thoughts so intent
On the beauty blent
Where the sunset flamed and burned.

He passed but once, and the vision fleet
He hid in his heart for aye ;
He woke not out of her day-dream sweet,
All unaware,
The maiden fair,
That Love passed by that day.

The Legend of the Pines.



YE pine-trees tossing ever
Plumèd heads by brook and river
Where the shadows shiver, quiver
In the noontide glare,
Tell me now your wondrous story,
Prophet trees with branches hoary,
Ye who knew the ancient glory
Of our earth so fair.

So I spoke, while all unheeding
(As it seemed) my anxious pleading,
Sang the pine-trees, ever leading
Nature's chorus on;
Willow murmurs, rustling grasses,
Hum of bees in clover masses
Where the vagrant south wind passes,
Blended all in one.

For years untold
The ocean rolled
Over the drifting snow-white sands;
Molded them, tossed them about in its hands,
Its long gray fingers of crawling spray,
And ever it sang by night and day
In low and murmurous monotone
A wild, weird song that was all its own.

Then it rolled away from the long sand shore,
And its strange, sweet chanting was heard no
more.

The sun beat down on the drifted sands,
And they missed the touch of the Sea King's
hands,

The desolate, lonely, sun-scorched sands.

Came a wingèd message flying

To the sands in sunshine lying.

"Ye shall hear amid the sighing

Of a forest dim,

All the ocean's voice upspringing,

Comfort, peace, and gladness bringing,

And its lullaby low singing

Some sweet evening hymn."

So it came to pass, and ever

By the silent-flowing river

Pine-tree shadows shiver, quiver

In the noontide glare.

And like priests about the altar

Chanting low their mystic psalter

Tones that never change nor falter

Haunt the dreamy air.

Under the Rose.



LAST night the blush-rose clustered,—
To-day the rough wind blows
In showers her broken petals;
Last night,—yet no one knows,—
I kissed thee, sweetheart, sweetheart,
Under the rose!

Last night my fond hope blossomed,—
To-day December snows
Drift deep and cold above it;
To-day,—ah! no one knows,—
My heart breaks, sweetheart, sweetheart,
Under the rose!

WHAT, ho!" cries the March wind
With blustering glee,
"Once more in my might
Will I sweep o'er the sea
And the land. I will bring
To the North and the South
The glad tidings of Spring.
The rivers, ice-bound,
From their fetters I 'll free,
And again their bright ripples
Shall dance toward the sea.
In the teeth of old Winter
My gauntlet I 'll fling,
And sweep the way clear
For my lady, the Spring."

A Valentine.



LYTHER than the burnie
That kisses the sunny lea,
Purer than the snawdrap
Is my ain sweet lass to me.

Bluer than ony heath-bell
Is the blue o' my bonnie's e'e;
Fairer than mountain daisy
Is my ain dear love to me.

Warm beats the hert in this plaidie,
Beats it sae blythe for thee;
Leal is the hert o' thy laddie,—
Oh! lassie, be true to me.

The Old Sculptor.



CARCE a century ago in an old cathedral gray,
Far above the kneeling people did a sunbeam find its way
To the high roof, where long sealed
By the shadows, now revealed
In a single shaft of glory shone a sculptured face,
high, holy,
Like a vision pure and splendid with the sunlight
fading slowly.

'Neath the touch of cunning workmen, sculptors,
carvers, skilled in art,
Tall and fair, the great cathedral, perfect in its
every part,
Rose a dream in stone embodied, chiseled from
the master's heart.
Through the busy sound of hammers did an old
man press his way
Toward the master of the building; worn his
wrinkled face and gray,
Yet a sculptor's tools he carried
In his trembling hands, nor tarried
Till he stood before the master where the tall
spire's shadow lay.

"I would work on the cathedral," that and no
more could he say.

As the master looked he pitied, yet lest his fair
work be marred

Led the old man on and upward to a spot from
sun debarred,

To a place beneath the high roof, still, secluded,
far within,

Where the sound might scarcely reach him of the
workmen's ceaseless din.

There alone the sculptor labored, while the stone
beneath his touch

Grew to beauty, strong yet tender, like a soul
that loveth much.

For he wrought his life's devotion

'Neath the spell of love's rich potion,

Wrought with fingers skilled and cunning

While his life and strength were running,

Wrought his youth's sad, tender story

In the beauty and the glory

Of the face he carved in marble 'neath the high
cathedral roof.

Thus they found him one day kneeling
 'Neath the great, high-vaulted ceiling,
All his tools arranged in order, on his breast the
 still arms crossed.
With a heavenly splendor gifted
Shone the old man's face, uplifted
To that face of perfect beauty he had loved and
 he had lost.

Once a year a sunbeam stealing
 To the old cathedral ceiling
Lights a face of wondrous beauty gleaming high
 amid the shade,
And there wrapt in contemplation,
Awestruck, men of every nation
Gaze in reverence on its glory till the perfect face
 doth fade.

Gypsy Lullaby.



RY softly, cry softly, my kitten!
Thy father's a gypsy lad,
And thy mother was wed
By the camp fire red
Where the tongs were the priest they
had.

Cry softly, my little brown rabbit,
Thy father is setting his nets;
And the wood things are wily,
The wild things come shyly,
When my naughty, my little one frets.

Cry softly, thou dear little nestling,
The tree toads shall purr thee to sleep.
The katydids chatter,
The high leaves pat, patter,
Lie still till the baby birds peep.

The Leaves.



IN April, when the maples swing
Their ruddy tassels to the sky,
And over greening fields the robins
sing,
Last year's dead leaves are whirled
on high.

A Chrysanthemum.



THE thrilling tone of translucent gold
The clear sky holds when the sun
is down,
The sheen of satin that fold on fold
Shimmers and shades in My Lady's
gown,
The whirl of wheels within wheels of light:
These are the fancies that go and come,
The thronging visions that meet my sight
In the heart of a yellow chrysanthemum.

A Ballad of Prince Charlie.



HE mists were white o' brae and ben,
And the birds were singing rarely,
When down the glen came the High-
landmen,
All in the morning early.

Over the mountain they come, they come,
Down through the blossoming heather,
Wi' clash of steel and rattle of drum
The clans of the Highlands gather.

"O wha 's the chief o' Scotia's strand?
And wha oor rightfu' king shall stand?
Wha hath the heart of a' the land?
O wha but royal Charlie?"

"Let ilka hill wi' welcome ring,
Bush and brae their tribute bring,
And Highlandmen fu' loudly sing
Loyalty to Charlie.

"Though dark the clouds of battle roll,
The cannon's mouth shall speak na dole,
For joy becomes the hero-soul
That dares to die for Charlie."

The drone o' the pipes and the glimmer of steel
Grows faint in the purple gloamin',
And mony a maiden's thochts afar
By the braid saut seas are roamin'.

O weel, weel fochten was that field,
And mony a clansman lay
Stark and white in the pale moon's light
At the close of the summer day.

And wae, wae by the mountain-side,
And wae by the Craigie-burn,
For mither and maid whose bonnie lads
Shall never mair return!

Indian Summer.



ARK shadows steal down the hillsides,
Gray clouds above them weep,
The wee birds flit to the southward,
And the flowers have gone to sleep.

The green and golden glory
Has left the highlands sere,
And the erst warm fields of the lowlands
Lie barren and chill and drear.

When lo! the shadows are lifted
Away from the heart of the hills,
And back to the mountains and valleys
And back to the sleepy rills

A spirit comes — a ling'ring smile
Of summer — just a gleam
Of life from out the soul-land,
Mem'ry of some sweet dream.

The earth grown fair in the dream-shine
Lies sunny, and warm, and bright,
And her heart is glad for the promise,
In the fleeting spirit light.



Disappointment.



BREAK! my arrow, break! thy task
undone.

Thou'rt smooth and bright, I thought
thee true to aim.

I carved words quick with heart-life
deep, that came

With willing speed, on thee, my only one.

Through ways of perils, dangers hard to shun,

I sought a castle prison's massive frame

That held one sad. I tried to then attain

His window by thy flight; but, still not won,

The mark awaits a steadier course than thine.

That fatal flaw of grain that made thee fair,

The words engraved that might have eased his
care,

In spite of effort and all hope of mine,

Still mar thy course. My thought has not
availed:

Then break! oh useless arrow, thou hast failed.



WHITHER art thou drifting, drifting,
Harbor light ?
With thy gleam forever shifting,
Now dim, now bright.
Is it to some land of dreaming
Where thy light forever gleaming
Gives to dreamers peace and joy,
Harbor light ?
Drifting, shifting, shifting, drifting,
In the night.

Little light, then take me with thee
Thro' the night,
To the land where sweet dreams lure me
Fair and bright,
Where these dreams of mine may tarry
And not vanish but may bring me
All this peace and all this joy,
Harbor light,
Fading, glowing, glowing, fading,
In the night.

The Jester.



LEAPING, dancing, swaying, prancing,
Flying through the air,
Laughing, beaming, shouting, gleam-
ing,

What a sight is there!

Whence came this spirit of frolic and glee?

'T is only the jester; so blithe is he.

The masque is over; the day is done;

Vanished the mirth with the parting sun.

Then one low sob has pierced the air;

'T is only the jester, and who 's to care?



ALL the world seems dark and gray,
I wander restless to and fro,
And moment follows moment
slow,
Where is there joy or peace to-day?
My love 's away.

How bright the sunshine and how clear!
O little birds that sing so gay,
Is this the world of yesterday?
The changing winds are full of cheer—
My love is here.

An Old Chanson.



HY door is yet unlatched, tho' day is
born,

O my Beautiful, and dost thou still
sleep on ?

When wakes the rose,
Shouldst not thine eyes unclose ?

O my Sweet,
Wake and hear
Thy lover's song
And heed his tear.

All life is knocking at thy door ;
The morning says : " I am Aurore " ;
The bird sings, " Harmony am I " ;
And, " I am Love," is what my heart doth cry.

O my Sweet,
Wake and hear
Thy lover's song
And heed his tear.

I love thee for the beauty of thy face ;
I worship the grave pureness of thy grace.
The God who made me feel thee fair and sweet,
He was it made my life thro' thee complete.

O my Sweet,
Wake and hear
Thy lover's song
And heed his tear.

Two Ways of Life.



IN shadowy depths of woodland dim
and fair
A white-stoled sisterhood of blossoms
dwell,
Each in her tiny, moss-lined oriel,
And a pure fragrance ever lingers there,
Ethereal incense of unspoken prayer,
While far as chiming of a fairy bell,
The thrush and bluebird their glad tidings tell.

Without, unsheltered from the burning air,
God's tiny pensioners gathering up his gold
Smile through the wayside grasses at our feet;
The cuirassed dandelion, brave and bold,
Bright buttercups and daisies dewy-sweet,—
Themselves a largess of His wealth untold
To weary toilers in the noontide heat.

Oh Sweet, Sweet, Sweet!



BIRD note trills

Across the little lake,
And the sun shines warm till new
life thrills

In the heart of trees that wake,
Wake and sing such joy to greet
As comes with the spring,
Oh sweet, sweet, sweet!

Oh sweet, sweet, sweet!
The little buds break,
Green shimmering toward the sky,
All little live things joy to make
The springtime melody.
Fragrant, elusive, half complete,
Song of the joy time,
Oh sweet, sweet, sweet!

Oh sweet, sweet, sweet!
It is the word
That thrills again and again
From the breast of the jubilant, breeze-swung
bird,
A passionless, clear refrain,
Yet wondrously wistful rings the beat
Of the song in my heart,
Oh sweet, sweet, sweet!

Poppies.



LIFE is beauty and life is love,
A daydream of splendor passing fair,
That steals on the softly languorous air
Where the poppies glow,
While through wide branches the sun-
shine slow

Sifts on their gorgeous cups below.
Drink of the spell, why struggle and strive?
Shall not the breath of the poppies shrive?
Toil is a weary, relentless quest,
To dream, say the poppies, to dream is best.

There is a garden where the poppies grow.
Fair-shadowed, lulled by the melodious flow
Of peaceful water, spellbound doth it lie
Like some fair garden of enchantment nigh
To dreams ; yet doth the golden sunshine
play,
Slow-moving, mellow, 'cross the spaces gay
With poppies, weaving there a mystic web
Of color and of light, the flow and ebb
Of fancy with the mystery of love,
The poppies' splendor with the gold above.

Fair is the garden, fair as when I dreamed
Youth's glad dreams, ere athwart the gold
there gleamed

Sad silvered Age,— so fair I scarce may dare
To say she cometh not again, most fair
Of all, my Love, the garden's perfect queen.
Yet soft the night wind whispers through
the sheen

Of silken poppies bending o'er her rest;
Fraught with bright dreams, upon her quiet
breast,

The petals fall : so still my Love doth sleep
In that fair garden that the poppies keep.

Life is shadow, shot through with love,
Bright, half-lived dreams that the breezes bear
Away on the languorous evening air.

Why struggle so ?

We bloom, say the poppies, we bloom and go
Whither the winds as they list may blow,
Our life is a phantom, a fleeting breath,
Of glory and beauty that fades in death.
Banish an hour toil's weary quest,
To dream and remember, to dream is best.



’ WAS some one way up in the sky, —
We know him well, do you and I —
Came out one eve when day was
done,
And lighted in the darkening sky
The star-lamps, one by one.

The naughty elves that wished to play,
And hid throughout the livelong day,
For fear of spying sun,
Puffed out their rosy little cheeks
And blew out every one.

Remembering.



HE scarlet bee-balm blazes
Among the ox-eye daisies,
And sun-flowers droop their heads be-
fore the wild-oats' rebel spear.
The field of lace-flower shimmers,
And all the meadow simmers,
Beneath the sultry August sun, down-shining
bright and clear.

I hear the veerie calling,
His twanging note enthralling,
And see adown the winding creek the silver wil-
lows gleam ;
And every cone and shingle,
And grapevine-threaded dingle,
Comes back, this weary winter day, to haunt me
like a dream.



WEARY quest is mine —
Alluring still,
Though long.
Its end seems ever just beyond —
The mocking echo of a song.

One half a thought I have —
Intangible,
Uncaught.
The second half I fain would find
By other seeker found and taught.

Until that thought meet mine —
Unfinished now,
Worth naught,
My brain will restless be, alert
To find its complement, long sought.

Driftwood.



COLOR and shade of forest glade,
Where the yellow sunshine sheen
Falls faint on flowers that bloom and
fade,

The mighty trees between.
Thrilled by skies that laugh and weep
And glow with stars when the day 's asleep.

Glint of the sea and glow of the sky,
Tints of the gleaming sun, —
Pulsing colors that pale and die
O'er the rim of the world when day is done;
Flash of the lightning glancing gold,
On a cruel reef — and cold.

Crimson of the blood that leaped
From the heart of fire
Ere the mounding waters heaped,
Stilled its quick desire.
Passion of a prayer's quick breath
Up to God, in hour of death.

So yield the wealth of thy life to me,
Child of the forest and the sea,
Twice born to life's dread mystery.



RAFTY Cupid came a-courting —
Call it not a "quest"—
Came to catch a cultured maiden,
Clothed in city's best.

Culled her from the country's choicest,
Captured her, forsooth;
Carried her, this college maiden,
To a college youth.

Young man queried, captious, cunning:
"Cupid called *you* here?"
Quoth the maiden, crisp and cutting:
"Cupid's choice *is* queer!"

A Question.



LITTLE Maid with smiling face,
Laughing eyes and dainty grace,
Are n't you tired standing there?
All the world is fresh and fair,
Yet you wear the selfsame gown,
And your hair, so soft and brown,
Curls in just the very way
It has always, night and day.
Bring your kitten down and play
While the firelight dances higher, little girl.

You, they say, lived long ago
And they 've told me (so I know)
Of the Valentine you had
From the merry, smiling lad
Hanging on the other wall —
He could hear you if you 'd call.
Are you waiting for him still?
Will you always wait until
He shall come, nor take it ill
That he tarries long and longer, little girl?



BAD little cloud, go back to bed!
You should not be out after candle-
light,
Roaming about in your night-rob-
es white;

Our play is over, our prayers are said, —
Bad little cloud, go back to bed!



RIGHT, bewitching, bowing pansies,
Life is love from labor free!
Sober, sad-eyed, solemn pansies,
Say you life has work for me?

To Keats.



HY poetry is like a mountain lake,
Wherein the tired wanderer may see
The silver birch-trees and the timid
brake
Sway quietly.

They bow to listen to the waters mute —
To wooing waves their mossy banks among,
Breathing, like music from a hidden lute,
A still, sweet song.

Moved by its melody the wavelets play,
And win rich jewels from the kindly sun,
That gleam and blend, and softly melt away
When day is done.

But ere the flushing waves shall cease to glow,
Murmuring a tender welcome to the night,
Far in the depths the eternal stars will show
Their holy light.

Bon Voyage.



VER the sunny sea,
The blithesome, summer sea ;
Flashing in brilliant sheen, bright
waves of beryl-green
Join in a joyous dance, gleam and glitter
and glance

Under the dawn's first ray, ever gleefully play ;
Over the sparkling sea,
Bon voyage, chérie !

Over the moonlit sea ; —
From the mysterious sea
Sea nymphs arise, with witching eyes,
Trying to woo you, sweet moonbeam, swift to fleet
Down through the slumbrous waves to their
mystic moss-hung caves.

Over the sorcerous sea,
Bon voyage, chérie !

Over the stormy sea,
The raging, tumultuous sea,
Crashes the thunder through the black wonder
Of a Walpurgis-night. Oh, the terrible might
Of the mad, monster sea ! God's mercy with
you be !

Over the seething sea,
Bon voyage, chérie !

Over the silent sea,
The smooth, the shining sea ;
Terror and tempest past, home is in sight at last ;
Tender lights in the west, opaline clouds at rest ;
As you draw nigh and nigher goal of your heart's
 desire,
Over the sunset sea,
Bon voyage, chérie !

A Bird's Cradle Song.



WEARY, weary loves!
Day is o'er and past ;
Every drooping lily bell
Chimes good-night at last.
Softly ! nursing winds
Swing them to and fro
With the tinkle, tinkle, tinkle of the rivulet below.

Even the willow leaves
Brooding silence keep ;
All the great, good world is hushed —
Hushed that you may sleep !
But in heaven two wee, wee stars
Dance and whirl and glow
To the tinkle, tinkle, tinkle of the rivulet below.

Memorabilia.



HE gave me this rose :
In my memory lingers
Like the scent of the flower
The soft touch of her fingers
As she gave me this rose ;
But her name, I forget it,
And the place, and the hour —
Though I deeply regret it —
When she gave me this rose.

Chatterton.



DREAMER, living in a fictioned past,
Who, careless of life's present joy or
pain,
So lived in thought a dead life o'er
again

That in its mould his very soul was cast.

Who, when from dreams Want's ever galling
chain

Woke him to do stern battle for his life,
Falling defeated in th' unequal strife,
Turned to Despair — since Hope had proved but
vain.

O peerless soul, forgive th' unthinking age,
That to thy poverty such help denied.
Let the dark blot be wiped from History's page
By bitter tears, since shed, and yet undried.
Vain tears! — for thee now 'scaped from this poor
cage,
By thy sweet dreaming genius glorified.

The Deserted Farm.

After MacDowell.



HE hills melt into sunset sky,
My shadow wades knee-deep in
grass,
The trees are singing as I pass,
I had not thought night was so nigh.

The farmhouse! Nature holds her breath,
Uncanny stillness shrouds the place,
The wide-eyed windows frame no face,
Their soul is gone: I look on death.

I almost fancy as I stand
Her singing from the orchard blows.
She 's nearer now; and a white rose
(She sees me!) flutters from her hand.

A clear, high bird-note, sorrow-sweet, —
'T is night: I am alone once more.
Alone, I leave the dear old door
Where she and I were wont to meet.

A Romance.



FOLLOWED the brook as she hurried
along

And sang to herself a sweet, murmur-
ing song.

I knew 't was a love song, though
hidden the words,

For the sounds were as tender as wooing of birds.

Then I said, "Lady Brook, will you tell me, I
pray,

To whom you are hasting so gladly to-day?"

But the brook only dimpled by way of reply,
And hid in a grove from my questioning eye.

As I followed, still hoping the lover to see,
She came to a river, deep-hearted and free;
With passionate impulse that nothing could stay
She leaped to his arms and he bore her away.

'Twixt The Leaves.



OME wander with me 'twixt the leaves
of a book!

We 'll live in a little Dutch tale, dear,
Where black and white cows
On green meadows browse
By a harbor with many a sail, dear.

Let 's hasten away to a queer little town
Where the houses have funny brown gables,
With a windmill that whirls,
And wooden-shoed girls
Who look like the people in fables.

By shining canals at sunset we 'll walk
Where the flax fields by high dykes protected,
And a sky of Delft blue
With a white cloud or two
In its calm glassy face are reflected.

So wander with me to this darling Dutch land,
Slip away when there 's no one to look, dear!
I 'll fish while you spin,
Day out and day in,
All our lives in this queer little book, dear!

Uncrowned.



LONG years he searched for golden
flowers to crown
A maid,— the loveliest in all the land ;
At last, youth spent, they met, but
looking down
He found the wreath had withered in his hand.

April.



LEECY clouds in a soft blue sky,
A gurgling laugh from the brook
near by,
And the willow-pussies nod mean-
while :
Robins twittering gleefully —
Sunlight flashing merrily,
That 's April's smile.

Threatening clouds in a dark, gray sky,
A moaning sound from the brook near by,
And the pussies droop their heads in fear :
Robins shivering silently —
Raindrops falling steadily,
That 's April's tear.

My Southern Rose.



HERE endless waves go softly to and
fro

Across a lake all flashing in the sun,
Where the Great River, its long
journey done,

With mighty calmness rolls, majestic, slow,
Where all things move to rhythms sweet and low,
And like slipt rosary beads the moments run,
In those old gardens, from the Spaniard won,
Born of the wind and sky, the roses blow.

She blossomed there, my rose of Southern skies;
The dusk of tropic nights is in her hair,
The tropic sunlight smoulders in her eyes,
Her breath is sweet as the rose-haunted air.
In all love's gentle lore she is most wise,
My Heart-of-Gold, my Rose beyond compare!

Vespers.



OFT the shadows, lengthening,
lingering, melt into the dusk
again,

And the twilight's benediction
rests upon the homes of men.

Far within the gray cathedral kneels a weary,
restless throng,

Fevered with the toil and turmoil of the day so
hard and long,

Till the cool, dim, soothing silence shudders,
smit with solemn sound,

As the organ's throbbing thunder seems to rock
the very ground.

'T is the agony primeval, elemental, brutal
strife —

Through long aeons the creation travailing in
pain for life.

'Cross the thunder leaps the wild, sweet wailing
of a violin ;

Ah ! men's heartstrings still make music, wrung
with passion, suffering, sin ;

Quivering 'neath Life's hand ; — but hark ye ! —
pure and clear and true and strong,
Tender, trustful, and exultant, from the shadows
soars a song.

Soars, — and lifted by its rapture, nature's sigh
and spirit's moan
Blend divinely with the seraphs' paeons 'round
the Great White Throne.

Soft the silver twilight deepens into purple gloom
again,
And night's peaceful benediction rests upon the
hearts of men.

Grindelwald at Dawn.



HERE, towering white and stern
Far up into the cloudless heaven,
The mighty Wetterhorn
Lifts high its haughty crest,
There nestling trustingly
In valley space of nature given,
With look of perfect peace,
Lies Grindelwald at rest.
A slumbering calm broods over all the hamlet,
And the great silence ere a day is born;
Then from the distance comes the music of the
yodel,
And in the sky appears the herald of the
morn.



HERE, little boy, don't cry,
It has ruined your trade, I know,
And the days of darts and pierced
 hearts
Are things of the long ago,
But the end of the century now is nigh, —
 There, little boy, don't cry.

There, little boy, don't cry,
Your life is hard, I know,
Since dainty maids 'neath college shades
 Seek not as in long ago
For sweet love tokens, with glances shy, —
 There, little boy, don't cry.

There, little boy, don't cry,
The time will come, I know,
When the maids of yore you have known before
 Will return from the long ago,
The years will come for which you sigh, —
 There, little boy, don't cry.

Lullaby.



USH thee, hush :
One bright star glowing
Shines across the western sea.
Hush thee, hush :
The tides in-flowing
Murmur lullabies to thee.

Hush thee, hush :
From dark pines sleeping
Soft winds whisper their good night.
Hush thee, hush :
My heart is keeping
Tender vigil till the light.



OWN in the garden old
Ragged weeds are growing,
Right where the path slips by,
Scarlet poppies, blowing,
Fade and die.

Scarce a breeze but woos them,
Glowing, fluttering, playing,
A glory are my poppies,
In their beauty saying,
"Sleep — nor die!"

"Sleep," my poppies whisper,
Silken petals falling,
"Sleep and dream not, strive not, yearn not,"
Then they fade and die.

Fickle are my poppies
On their slim stems leaning,
Even I who love them
Cannot read their meaning,
Ere they fade and die.

A Song.



Is it that I have loved in vain,
Dear heart?
May not the sunshine woo the rain,
Dear heart?
They often meet,
In glory sweet, —
A rainbow.

Is it that you have doubted me,
Dear heart?
May not the wild wind kiss the sea,
Dear heart?
And stoop to greet
In rapture sweet,
A billow?

Then love me while you may,
Dear heart.
The sunshine passes swift away,
Dear heart.
And soft winds blow
The billows low,
To-morrow.

Firelight.



WEET thoughts are mine, — as from
my easy chair

I watch the firelight play at hide
and seek

With shadows through the mysteries
of your hair,

And o'er your dainty cheek.

The nimble tide of Fancy flows and ebbs

With fitful flash of jewels, and white hands,
And glinting needles, weaving wonder-webs
Of gossamery strands.

And all the story folk of childhood days

Come stealing back round Cinderella's shoe, —
Coquetting shyly with the wooing blaze
From under skirts of blue.

The red logs sink, — the fairy figures dance

Along the wall; with lurid pantomime
Of waving wands they hold my soul in trance,
And ever, as they climb,

They beckon, beckon, toward the pleasant vale
Of half-forgetting! Through the deep'ning eve
I follow, follow, on the shimmering trail
Their fading footsteps leave.

And in that twilight country, wanly fair,
They melt in golden halo round your face,
Dear genius of my hearth! I find you there
The angel of the place!

Hunter's Hymn to Artemis.

From Euripides.



FOLLOW, follow, huntsmen, follow,
Joyfully echo o'er hill and hollow
Songs to the hunter's divinity.
Hail to thee, Artemis, goddess mild,
Holy protector, Zeus-born child,
All hail! All hail to thee!

In the vast aetherial dome
Golden gleams thy glorious home,
Halls of noble sires, aglow
With charms that Graces know —
Thou the fairest, beauteous maiden,
Goddess mine.

Sweet lady, from an undefiled wold
Where sickle never reaps
Nor shepherd leads his huddling fold,
This garland I twined for thy golden hair
Of roses that blossom there.
Aidos the votaress thou didst choose
Bathes the meadow with river dew.
Mortals dare not
Tread its hallowed ground save me.
I only of men
May pluck thee, beloved, an anadem;
For I am thy knight and if I may
I'll shape my life for thee until my dying day.

Which?



ING to the clouds if you will, O love,
Sing to the clouds and the sea ;
Sing to the stars if you will, O love,
But — sing to me.

Out of the sea there surges a song,
Out of the clouds there flutters a dove,
Out of the stars there shimmers a light,
Out of my heart there trembles — love.

Uncertainty.



HE night-breeze drifts with a bird-note
by, —

A sob low-stilled to a silver sky,
A whisper soft as a baby's sigh,

A sound like a raindrop splashed in two, —
Oh breeze, oh bird, — was it only you?

The Pavane in A Minor.

After Brissou.



OUNDING and leaping in melodic
motion

Dance the wild satyrs, on shade-
dappled green ;

Lilting and laughing like ripples of
ocean

Shadowy dryads, flower-lovely, are
seen.

Thrilling the joy in such passionate dancing,

Joy in the rhythm of trees swinging free,

Notes from the satyr pipes, sparkling and
glancing,

Echo the nymphs in the airiest glee.

Little they reck of the envious thunder,

Mockingly dance with a gay little song

Fainter and fainter — yet ever and under

Ripples of laughter run lightly along.

The Palace of Mashita.



HE hunting shout hath died among
the years
Swift-stilled as sank the wounded
cheetah's cry,
The rose hath fallen ere its flush
passed by,
The song hath broken ere the dreamer's ears
Caught all its matchless, beauty-breathing
grace
Thrilling the color in the fair queen's face.
Amid the swirling yellow Moab sand
The dream hath shivered ere beneath her eye,
Inwrought to joy's young melody, rose high
The hunting lodge of Chosroes and Shireen,
The perfect palace struck from Ferhad's hand
All passion-pulsed, for love of Chosroes'
queen,
The fair Shireen.

The wandering Arab halts beneath its walls
Blue-starred with flowers that cling along the
stone
Where Ferhad carved his love. The sand, wind
blown,
Sweeps whirling round its silent bastioned halls.
Half poised the blocks, half cut — the palace
stands
Awaiting still the strong young sculptor's hands,
A mystery, an idyl, a romance
Of dim dead years, of fragrant hours long
flown —
By joy light-winged — across the desert lone.
How dreamed they, waked they, Ferhad
and Shireen?
The goblet shattered ere the wine might glance
Against the lips of Chosroes' peerless queen,
The fair Shireen.



THE matin bells ring out ! Awake, dear heart !

Ope thou thine eyes ! Earth's thousand voices call

Within the thick'ning fray to stand or fall,

Rouse thee, and bear thy part !

The vesper bells chime low ! To sleep, dear heart !

Close thou thine eyes ! Earth's voices, far away,

Are but faint echoes of a vanished day,

And twilight falls — 't is dark !



MERRILY, merrily, dance they yet,
The foolish clown and the gay
soubrette,
Bowing, smiling, hand in hand;
See — at the end of the act they stand
To meet the applause that thunders down,
The gay soubrette and the circus clown.

Merrily, merrily, dance we yet
Like the foolish clown and the gay soubrette,
And what's to the world when the curtain's
down,
The gay soubrette or the circus clown?

Dreams.



INDISTINCT and vague remembrance
Most familiar and yet strange,
Vainly sought, in waking moments,
In the whole of memory's range ;

Echoes of a past existence
When we climbed that same hill's brow,
Said those same, familiar sayings,
Lived that life, forgotten now.

A Slumber Song for Somebody.



THE sun has fallen asleep in the west,
The fireflies flit to and fro,
The tired little rabbits have gone to
rest,
And Somebody's head droops low.

The dream flowers sway in the evening breeze,
The crickets begin to call,
The birds are safe in their nests in the trees,
And Somebody's eyelids fall.

A silver boat saileth up in the sky,
The bright stars their night watch keep,
And Somebody gives a tired little sigh;
Then Somebody's fast asleep.

The Swan-Song of the Year.



SAW the sinking of the summer sun
Behind the drifting mist,
I caught the scarlet sheen from off
the hills
An autumn sun had kissed.

And through the gorgeous pattern of the trees
I saw the gleam of rills,
Which sparkled stilly in the crisping wind
That blew from off the hills.

From out the glow and gold and shimmering
haze,
There blew a sudden breath,
And in the music of those murmurous days
I heard a note of death.

But as the cadence louder grew, the note
Was mingled, sweetly dim,
And in its gladsomeness was well-nigh lost
The sadness of the hymn.

A master melody, a mighty song,
It rose, and rose, and swelled,
Until amidst the rush of joyous sound
A vision I beheld.

I saw the river gliding swift and cold,
The willows bending low,
I saw the wild swan on its bosom float
With mirrored breast of snow.

And to my waiting ears there seemed to come
That pealing dirge of death,
And lo, the echo of that swelling song
In every passing breath,

Recalled the swan-song, jubilant, yet sad,
Fearless yet tinged with fear.
Then said I, "'T is the death hymn of the earth,
The swan-song of the year!"

Envoy.



S sometimes, faintly sweet, a strain of
song,

Across the darkening campus borne
along

From gay girl voices, while the
twilight falls,

Breaks on your graver thought, and softly calls
Out of your heart some pleasant memory ;

So it may be if you but linger here,

Some echo you may catch still soft and clear
From out the past, where glad girl voices break

Upon the quiet air and tenderly awake
Within your heart some pleasant memory.





3
Hm







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